

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, April 4, 1937



Beauty and the Beast

Ancient Myths Interpreted by Edmund Dulac

Nymphs and Satyrs—

THE GREEKS were masters at myth-making, and it is no surprise that they took full advantage of the possibilities of the "Beauty and the Beast" theme in their art. Satyrs, for example, spent all antiquity chasing forest nymphs whose shyness was their only garment. True, the nymphs could become invisible, but not to the beast-men.

These two-footed goats were quite carefree and typified Nature's gaiety and freedom. The nymphs they followed were minor Greek deities, believed to be tree souls that died with the wood. Overtaken, they would dance to the satyrs' enchanting pipes. After centuries of pursuit, the graceful nymphs here seem used to it, and are less coy. To their delight, the bald, bearded old brute kicks his hooves and tries to hide his age.

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Horses Have a Harem of Rodents, but Daisy, the Scottish Pony, 28 Tracks Old. Plays With Her Little White Kite.

He picked him off the ground and had fallen from a tree. He caught the squirrel and he was three months old. He was hand-fed with a teaspoon. By the time he was five was completely domesticated. I had no trouble at all in teaching him all the tricks which may make a performer squirrel in the circus. He is a Black Shetland and his name is Daisy. She will celebrate her twentieth birthday was two years old she has property of the Waltons. Have an intense fear of the hand. In the beginning. Under natural impulse to kill his

and training not only of the rats as well. Mrs. Wagoner got the animals together then living one another.

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University, Munich, 1

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As a reward for high school with honor, let their daughter...

The great majority of the Chinese, however, do not yet know the taste of American beer or cigarettes. The women would not rouge their lips and

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! See the Peddlers hat

The placards are plainly painted and easily read and all an apartment dwelling housewife or cook has to do when she hears the voice of the new number is

Vegetable and fruit sellers quickly adopted the

simple but effective method of telling patrons the day's prices on edibles and the egg man didn't object because, after making a few inquiries, he found out that such bright examinations can't be tolerated under the

the laws of the British government.



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Co-Ed Heloise and That Horrid Bulletin Board

Disturbing Consequences of a Serious But Almost Too Pretty Psychology Student's Brief Adventure on Wicked Broadway and How It Upset Staid Old Drake University



Heloise, as the Serious-Minded Drake University Senior, Mapping in Psychology, and Worlds Apart From Broadway.

HELOISE MARTIN, pretty twenty-year-old co-ed of Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, was "naïveté" in psychology, but she thought maybe her future was on the stage, so she Summer she got there, as a dancer with one of Hasty Valere's shows. But when she found other girls were just doing to pay their way through college, she abandoned the stage and went right back to Drake to finish her education.

That would have been all right except that the stage, instead of being her future, now became her "past," and that past, in the form of pictures taken in wicked New York, has plagued her, making a "fat-due" over her and upset the faculty and under-graduates of Drake, which still tries to be a serious-minded institution, in spite of the frivolous age.

Heloise's father, Lieutenant Ora A. Martin, formerly of the U. S. Navy, and Mrs. Martin were stage-minded in their youth, which caused them to permit their daughter, at the age of three, to appear in public. At Des Moines she kept on with her dancing, through grade school, high school and into Drake.

Along the great White Way, Miss Martin "manned" so industriously that soon she had a job as dancer in Valere's "Bugs of 1935" and felt she had made a first real stride into a perhaps glib future.

It had been so easy, and in applying for work money had rained whether she was a college girl, or even if she could read and write. The only education that concerned anyone was that of her legs and feet, and since these were the things that would take her "right past Des Moines to Hollywood," it would be a waste of precious youth to fritter away any more of it merely educating her mind at Drake, where even the psychology department has no sympathy for stage careers.

Then came the great surprise. Several of the other dancers in the show were attending Columbia, and when she asked them why they bothered, she found these girls looking into a future that was in exactly the opposite direction from hers. To her amazement, she learned that dancing for them was the basest way of making a living so they could go through college, a stepping stone to a future of teaching or matrimony.

"Stage and serious are crazy lives for women," they told her. "Just as you get nowhere you find you are too old to be anybody's wife any more."

"How perfectly terrible!" thought Heloise at such heresy. These dancing students looked upon her chosen career as a joke. Heloise, working their way through college, looked upon waiting to be asked to do is pursue something that other women are throwing away.



Editor Anderson, Unsuccessful Suitor, With the "Shiner" Mr. Bergmann Gave Him.

Therefore, after a month of profound soul-searching Heloise, who sometimes spells it Eloise, at Heloise pronounces it "Ayoise," resigned from the "Revels" and later returned to Drake, as if nothing had happened—but, alas, there had.

During that month a lot of publicity pictures had been taken, and most of them, were in sympathy with the dancer's traditional hatred of any more clothes than the law requires. Heloise brought back to college a trunkful of these fetching poses proving what a beautiful form she possessed. Miss Martin did not show them to Mrs. Carrie Taylor Cubbage, dean of women, because she did not see how it would do that lady any particular good.

However, she showed them to Dan Anderson, a student from Salt Lake City, studying journalism at Drake. They were destined to do him no good either, but he liked them and their lovely original so much that around the campus it was commonly supposed they were engaged.

The romance after a while languished and withered, blighted by the entrance into Heloise's bright young life of a bigger and shoveler hero. Handsome Ernest (Buz) Bergmann had won fame as an amateur boxer in Chicago's national ring contests, winning forty-two out of forty-five fights, before being hurt to Drake by the chance to play football. There he became a hero, making one on the varsity last Fall in his sophomore year.

The mighty blond "Buz" and the beautiful brunette Heloise were at once attracted to each other. In fact, all students but one called it a "natural," and of course, she showed him those wonderful pictures. Though destined to be bad for him, too, young Mr. Bergmann was also fascinated. But the knight of the gloves seemed to have had some old-fashioned ideas about modesty, propriety and exclusiveness, and he wanted to know how many other persons had feasted their eyes on these photographic treasures.

Whether it was from her own idea of the fitness of things, or due to a suggestion of "Buz," has not been revealed, but for some reason Heloise asked Anderson to return her picture or pictures. Dan might have obliged his former sweetheart, but Miss Mar-



Photos by Murray Newman. Co-Ed Heloise in a Far More Revealing Costume, a Memory of That Broadway Excursion, but Which Didn't Get over the Bulletin Board.

tin, despite her pursuit of psychology, nevertheless misapprehended it. The fundamental feminine principle to impress him as much as possible. But Ayoise made the mistake of trying to impress Dan by wearing a big diamond ring on her engaged finger, and a "T" club pin—presumably "Buz's" pin—over her heart.

Dan Anderson had done well in his line, becoming editor of the Friday edition of the semi-weekly campus paper, the Times-Delphic, but no mere literary achievement was equal football prowess. If Shakespeare had gone through college at the same time as Red Grange, Red would have gotten all the rah-rahs. Flaunting evidence of his rival's success in the young editor's face, at just this moment, was bad psychology, rousing antagonism and speeding up the trouble that was ahead.

"I told her we were still friends, and I did not see any reason for returning the picture, and that was about all there was to it," Anderson said later when he had found there was much more to it.

"Buz" seems to have had a smouldering resentment, but not to have seen anything he could do about it.

But this was the calm before the storm. The campus days were busy going ahead. They said "Buz" this is rich. I hear that on the bulletin board of the S. A. E. house, Anderson has a picture of Heloise tacked up. And here's the pay-off. Over the photo is a printed heading from a racing form. It reads: "Today's Hot Tip." Just wait until Bergmann finds out about it.

They took care to see that Bergmann did hear about it. When he did his wrath flamed. His lady's honor had been shamed. He was sure that the editor would do something about it. Quick. Too bad that dueling was out of fashion, but then, there were always fads.

It was Thursday evening, when the editor could barely be found in the administration offices putting his paper to press. Waiting up to the editor's desk, the star end, with his easy smile, asked him to step outside a moment as he wanted to tell him something. He was very busy, but never too busy to see such an important personage, so he

Ernest (Buz) Bergmann, Football Star of Drake, Successful Suitor of Heloise, Who Heat Tip Mr. Anderson "In Defense of Her Honor."

obliged his hunky editor. The following is Anderson's version, the only one given out of what followed:

"I hear you wrote 'today's hot tip' or something like that on Heloise Martin's picture, and put it where all the boys could see it, and I'm here to settle with you."

"No, you've got it all wrong. I didn't do it."

"I know what I'm talking about, and you're a damned liar."

"Say what you want. I didn't do it. It was the boys at the house and I'm as sorry as you are."

"You'll be sorry because you're gonna get it where you can appreciate it right now."

"My hands are in my pockets. I see no reason for fighting over this, and I say I didn't do it. 'That's the truth.'"

"You're gonna get hell licked out of you, and you better take your hands out of your pockets right now."

Anderson woke up in a washroom. A fellow student with a wet towel told



This Is Heloise's Photograph Which Was Posted on the Fraternity Bulletin Board, With Over It the Legend—"Today's Hot Tip"—and Which Started All the Trouble.

was his nose was broken, and his eyes both black, to say nothing of a swollen ear.

"I guess I didn't fall down quick enough," Anderson mumbled.

Most students later agreed that the "logic" of Heloise's "justified" Anderson's picture was not an abode and knows nothing about boxing. Therefore he had no more chance than a child against Bergmann, 40 pounds heavier, in perfect condition and one of the best amateur fighters in the country. His only hope was that Bergmann would be ashamed to hit him while his hands were in his pockets. The hope proved vain, but his hands might as well have been there as anywhere.

Next day, finding that his nose was really broken, Anderson swore off a warrant for assault and battery, and the bailiffs brought "Buz" before Assistant County Attorney Don Hise, the young man's explanation was Heloise, fought in defense of a lady's honor.

Before Municipal Judge C. Edwin Moore he pleaded guilty and received fifteen days suspended sentence.

When the college authorities read of the affair in all the papers there was an investigation. Fortunately for Heloise, the picture in question was about the most proper of the lot and as nobody bothered to show Dean Cubbage any of the others she got off with a lecture and orders to hand back the ring, the pin and not to go into any clinches with the boxer that might look like an engagement or anything. Bergmann got off with probation which means only that once or twice a week he must see the Dean of Men and say that he has been a good boy.

But when the faculty got the poor editor on the carpet and saw his bruised nose, swollen ear and two black eyes they also took a good wallop at him, not only imposing probation, but

taking his editorship away.

A lot of protests must have reached the faculty because it suddenly handed back the editorship to Dan and everyone supposed it was a closed incident, but before the editor's broken nose for nose had set, a new storm began to threaten the lovely Heloise.

She must have been carefully generous in giving out some of those less-decorous pictures because they began to turn up in print elsewhere. A nude enjoying a shower-bath appeared in College Humor, a monthly magazine. The pictures, according to captions published with them, depicted "a day in the life of a co-ed."

Heloise explained that she really wore a sort of invisible bathing suit in the shower and that like charity, it covered a multitude of sins, or something like that. Then it was discovered that the University's own news department had engineered the pictures. Heloise was forgiven.

But when all was said and done, Drake felt that Nature had gilded Heloise a little too generously. With curves to make her wholly safe for such a sacred institution of learning. Where and how might she not hawk out past? If she could live down her Broadway past, mightn't she be impelled to create a new and even more unclouded one?

At any rate Heloise isn't studying there any more. What was left for a poor honest girl all wrapped up in psychology to do when her psychology was taken away from her? Why, depend upon those gifts of Nature which had gotten her in all the trouble, of course. And so it was back to the bright lights for Heloise.

But Mr. Bergmann and Mr. Anderson both feel very bad about it. They both have a sort of "Love's Labor Lost" jitters.

The Clown Who Reigns In His Own Gorgeous Palace



Many Reproductions of the Famous Comedian's Face in Iron and Stone Adorn the Walls and Fences of the Clown's Palatial Rest. A Sample Is Shown in the Photograph Above.

PEOPLE who stand on their dignity and are careful never to make fools of themselves before their fellow citizens might well pay a visit to the smart watering place of Groggla, on the Italian Riviera and look over one of the most gorgeous palaces to be found on the shores of the Mediterranean. It is the home of Groggla, looked upon by thousands of theatregoers as the greatest funny-man that ever lived, and he has seen to it that the magnificent estate is a monument to himself and to clowning.

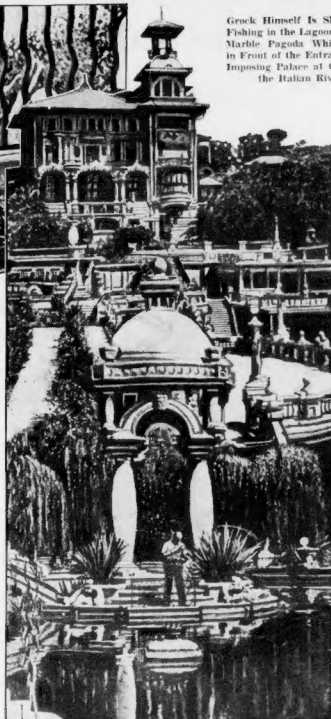
When Groggla bought the palace several years ago he commissioned some of the ablest portrait painters and artisans in stone and metal to ornament the interior and the outside of the king's abode with likenesses of his familiar and ludicrous features.

One of the photographs on this page shows a large oil painting of the cele-

brated comic dressed in the rich robes of a monarch, crown, scepter and all the other symbols of royalty. From this picture, which is lighted at all times, Groggla smiles down on himself and his guests that they may never forget that he regards himself as the king of clowns, living and dead. The man is an egotist but few question his claim to fame.

Wrought-iron workers from the most famous Italian studios fashioned expensive fences in which the funny face of Groggla is repeated over and over. Sculptors went to work on the white facade of the palace and chiseled three-dimensional likenesses of the owner of the estate. They were handsomely paid for their work by the side-splitting foolishness of an artist who is said to command a bigger salary for his appearances on the stage than the top-flight singers of opera and the stars of Hollywood.

To be invited to Groggla's palace is an experience and an honor that comparatively few people enjoy because the funnyman is no celebrity colder and prefers the company of his professional colleagues, men and women who have known for years on the variety



Groggla Himself Is Shown Here Fishing in the Lagoon From the Marble Pagoda Which Stands in Front of the Entrance to His Impregnable Palace at Groggla, on the Italian Riviera.



Van Dook, One of the Gifted Calligraphers of Groggla, Satiated a Whim of the Royal-minded Clown by Painting the Caricature Portrait of Him in Royal Robes. The Painting Hangs in One of the Rooms of the Palace.

Wetlach is an old man and not in the best of health he still travels about. The world for eight months of the year and rests at his palace the other four months. Sometimes he prefers to occupy the 40-room villa alone with his staff of servants but most of the time the place is full of guests who have the run of the palace and the spacious part-gardens that surround it.

In his days of seclusion Groggla exercises his considerable talents as a composer. He has written the music and words for many of his own songs but he also composes serious works which are heard on the concert platform. Few people know that he has written the complete musical score for several revues.

Although Groggla is a millionaire and has more money than he needs to live in luxury the rest of his days, he dislikes the idea of retiring and sometimes tells his intimate friends that he has to work in order to keep up his royal residence. "Anyway," he says, "I wouldn't know what to do with myself as a lazier. I guess I'm one of those unfortunate people born to be busy."

Like most great clowns Groggla is, by nature, a very serious person. With him making people laugh is a sober business. He talks little about his art, except to his few hand-picked friends whom he has known for a long time, and when he does none of them feels like laughing. Every small detail of his make-up and his costumes have been carefully worked out, to the

wrinkle in a too large collar and the curl of the toe of a value-like shoe. Usually he works for an hour or more on his face before stepping onto the stage for he believes that one wrong stroke of paint can change his famous characteristics that his audience would feel the difference and sometimes cry.

Some day, says the clown who plays a king, he will have to give up the stage and take things easy. But as much as he likes the palace that will stand as a monument to his genius and his face, he knows the time when he can no longer step before the footlights and make people laugh and sometimes cry.

"Pleasant laughter," Groggla once said, "is the world's greatest need. It takes people away from their own troubles and improves their digestions and their tempers. We don't laugh enough these days."



This Contraption Fires at the Fish and Spears Them. The Arrow Shown by the Gun Is About 6 Inches Long.

Ears and Noses For Sale in London

A FEW weeks ago the new papers and magazines of the British Isles carried a surprising series of advertisements announcing that people wanting new ears and noses can buy them at very reasonable prices.

These artificial facial features are made by a secret process of resin or plastic material that exactly matches human flesh, and they are attached with a new adhesive material that doesn't show.

One of the noses, it is said, can be put on so securely that it doesn't have to be renewed for about two months. The fabricated ears can be kept in place for the same length of time. At the end of this period the objects can be replaced by new ones or given a special chemical bath which will restore their original natural appearance.

There are, in the British Isles, hundreds of World War veterans who should be in the market for such inventions and several thousand other disfigured people who have been in



Noses Are Included in the Artificial Feature Stock, and Are, Like the Ears, Detachable. They Are in Fair Demand.

So Many Persons Have Been Disfigured in Motor Accidents That Some London Stores Are Selling Plastic Ears Like the One Shown Above. They Are Attached to and Cover Warred Features by Adhesive Tape, Tinted a Flesh Color.

both hunting and fishing, tried out the ingenious invention and had the time of his life. "Using Mr. Edwards' gun-rod," he said, "is an exciting combination of shooting and fishing. I never have enjoyed dangling bait in the water, when the fish weren't biting, but this way it isn't necessary to do any dangling whether the fish are biting or not. You just sit on the deck of your boat, gun in hand, and watch the water for a target. And shooting a swimming fish is as sporty as firing at a bird on the wing."

The little arrow is cleverly weighted and balanced so that it will travel for a distance of many yards. With

a little practice anyone who is a good shot can get the hang of the gun-rod and get about as many fish as in the usual manner.

Mr. Edwards doesn't know just yet how popular his invention is going to be, but he does know that almost everyone who has done any fishing with the device has found this way of going after fish as exciting as it is different.

The contraption is about the weight of a small fishing rod and is no burden, even for women, to hold. The bait fits neatly against the shoulder and the barrel is long enough so that the arrow gets away from the muzzle at high speed.

China's Women Police

NOT so many years ago any Chinese woman who presumed to assert herself and trespass beyond the restricted place set for her socially and professionally was supposed to bring the wrath of her honorable ancestors down on her foolish head. Chinese fathers, indeed, upon the daughters as burdens and prayed for sons.

How far China has grown away from this ancient attitude toward women is apparent in the photograph below. It is a picture of two members of the recently

formed women's police force in Shanghai which has the backing of a government which recognizes that women are good for something except housework and bearing children.

The feminine cops of Shanghai do much the same sort of work as the efficient corps of women police officers in England. They do not come to grips with desperadoes and track down murderers and bank robbers. But they do excellent work in directing traffic, investigating social conditions, policing public parks and buildings, and giving information to citizens. They excel as social workers, for a woman's sympathy and understanding of the government behind them, and, wherever necessary, can call

on male members of the force to help them handle difficult situations.

The officer in the white uniform is Miss An Chan-kang, a college graduate who holds the rank of sergeant and is busy training cadets for police service. The girl standing beside her is Yang Cheng, one of the brightest of the cadets, wearing the green and white uniform of the police.

Most of the women police are graduates of the Shanghai Police Academy and are in the best of physical condition.

Old age is no problem in the 30,000 years old of an old man who did not exist at all. The tip of his nose is as old as his legs and his head is as old as his feet. The little girl, however, is a very long time in the first time. The reason for this is that she has a kind of a little girl's nose. The little girl, however, is a very long time in the first time. The reason for this is that she has a kind of a little girl's nose.



Inspector An Chan-kang, Training Officer, and Yang Cheng, One of the Chinese Women Police Who Are Augmenting the Shanghai Police Force.

The New Sport of Catching Fish With a Gun

OLD Isaac Walton, the dean of anglers, probably would turn over in his grave if he could drop in on some of the fishermen at Miami and see the gadget they are using instead of the traditional rod and reel.

The device, which was conceived and perfected by W. M. Edwards, a resident of Miami and an inventor of no mean ability, is so simple in its operation that he wonders why someone hasn't thought of it before.

It's a combination of the fishing rod, the bow and arrow and the harpoon. From the end of the "barrel" stout rubber bands are stretched back to a trigger. A slender arrow, about six

inches long, is placed in the barrel back near this trigger. The tip of the arrow is hard and sharp. The tail of it has an eye in it to which is fastened a fishing line.

When the user of this weapon takes aim and fires at a fish—and if he hits the quarry—the released rubber bands send the arrow flying out of the gun at high speed and the fishing line sings off the reel attached to the underside of the barrel. From this point on the procedure is the same as with an ordinary fishing rod. The angler plays the fish, reeling in and paying out as the situation demands and, given luck and skill, finally lands the catch.

One visitor to Miami, a disciple of

both hunting and fishing, tried out the ingenious invention and had the time of his life. "Using Mr. Edwards' gun-rod," he said, "is an exciting combination of shooting and fishing. I never have enjoyed dangling bait in the water, when the fish weren't biting, but this way it isn't necessary to do any dangling whether the fish are biting or not. You just sit on the deck of your boat, gun in hand, and watch the water for a target. And shooting a swimming fish is as sporty as firing at a bird on the wing."

The little arrow is cleverly weighted and balanced so that it will travel for a distance of many yards. With

Tests to See How Old You Really Are

The Years You've Lived Don't Count; Science Measures Your Age by What You Can Taste and Hear, Decay of the Nerve Fibers, How Thick Your Blood Is and Other Ways



In the Early Beginnings of Civilization, When Man Was Fighting the Cave Bear and His Kind, Brains Meant More Than Brains, and Men Did Not Live to Be Old, But as Civilization Progressed Experience and Ripe Judgment Superseded Mere Muscle and the Old Men Led the Tribes.



Sarah Bernhardt, the Celebrated French Actress, as She Appeared in the Role of a Young Man in "L'Aiglon" a Year Before Her Death at the Age of Seventy-eight.



Moses, Greatest Leader of the Bible, Was More Than a Hundred When He Died and More Than Eighty When He Gave the Israelites the Tablets of the Law.

A GOOD deal of loose talk and wrong notions have been floating around about old age. But old age, in the matter of years, is not important. Some people are old at twenty-five, while others are relatively young at eighty or more. What counts is the youthfulness of the body's various organs, still more the youthfulness of the nerves and the mind.

The infirmities of the body can be measured and tested like an old automobile tire or flashlight—and so can the infirmities of the mind. Decay of body may bring no decay of mind, a recent example being the discovery that old age is marked by slow decay, one by the decay of the nerve fibers or "wires" in the web of nerves leaving the spine and running from the spinal cord to the body. No doubt a similar decay is taking place among the nerve cells and fibers of the brain, but the billions of streamers inside that master organ of the nervous system are so complicated that no one yet has unraveled them or been able to tell just what happens to them when the brain's power really is old.

Old age is a comparatively recent problem in the human race. Until 50,000 years ago what would be called old men or old women, probably did not exist at all or only as freaks of nature as rare as the Dionne quintuplets. Up to that time a man was as old as his legs, which is still true of athletes on the under part, the basketball, the tennis court and the boxing ring.

Until mankind stopped roaming around, nobody outlasted his running gear very long and that happened to be the first thing that usually failed him. The reason was that instead of having four legs like wolves, foxes, deer, tigers, and other hunters, he had to cover the necessary ground on his hind feet alone.

The little groups of human hunters had to keep going in order to keep in touch with the four-footed herds they hunted. As soon as anyone's legs would not stand the pace, the straggler had the choice of climbing a tree and starving to death or foraging around alone until some of the carnivore got him. When human beings began to settle down in caves and other permanent residences, came the first chance for anyone to outlast his legs.

The discovery was then made that old grandfather and grandmother of forty, far from being decrepit, were as good as anybody from the hips up and as far as knowledge, experience and judgment were concerned, much superior. They more than earned their keep and after a while, as chiefs and medicine men, ruled the younger men in spite of their better legs.

The conflict between youth and age had begun and at the dawn of history had gotten onto a religious basis. The

King-priests were all-powerful because they were supposed to be divine.

By the time the Egyptian Pharaoh appeared on the scene it was all right for a ruler to die of old age. But to play safe, he had to have a crown prince to lead and head off the ever-rebellious youth. By that time Kings used the four legs of the horse instead of the royal ones.

In Biblical times, the people were fully aware of the wisdom of turning to men of age and experience for leadership. Moses, the greatest of all leaders in the Bible, was past a hundred at the time of his death, and over eighty when he came down from Mount Sinai with the Ten Commandments.

Today, in selecting persons for posts of authority the last thing anyone would consider would be his legs. Probably ninety-nine out of every 100 burglars and pickpockets could outrun the judge who sentences them but even a criminal lawyer would not mention that in his appeal. Old age creeps up from the legs to other parts. The eyes begin to fail but glasses remedy that. If hearing fails that is more serious, but instruments will bolster that up too. A bad heart may keep a person on the edge of the grave and yet, until it actually stops, he may be the leader of his art or profession.

But when old age gets into the skull and numbs the brain, then, no matter what the age in years, it is time to put him on the shelf. But the problem is how to tell when the brain is superannuated. Outward signs, such as gray hair, baldness, feeble voice and gait are poor proof. Curiously enough one symptom of mental senility is generally looked upon as a sign of mental youth.

Since most young people are gay, frivolous and with a tendency to irresponsible pranks, and as they grow older become more quiet, serious and even solemn, a kitchendish old grandpa or grandma who exclaims and dresses like a college youth is looked upon as still being young in mind. Actually, unless the behavior is a pose for some special reason, this is more likely to be a symptom of the form of senility, known as "second childhood."

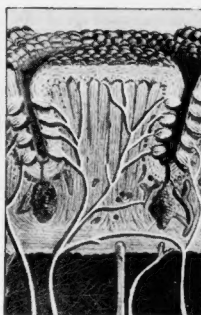
Dr. Beverly R. Tucker, in the Virginia Medical Journal, recently described a most extreme case of this second childhood. A woman of sixty-one, after the death of her husband, began to "dress young," like her daughters; then to go around with girls of that age, aping their manners and behavior as far as she could. Through the flapper stage she dropped to a child in short skirts and was hugging a doll when brought to the mental hospital. There she continued to grow "young-er" at the rate of about one year per month. Before long she could only crawl like a baby and babble "Mama." Finally she died in the posture of an unborn infant. Few cases of second childhood go the entire distance like that, but it is never a good sign when old folks get "kitchendish" and refuse to be their age.



Theodore N. Vail, Who, at Sixty-two, Was Re-elected to the Telegraph Organization From Which He Had Retired, and Speedily Brought It Up Into a Greater Business Than It Had Ever Been.



John Emory Andrus, the "Millionaire Straphanger," Who Used to Travel Each Day to His Office by Subway and Kept Right on Working Until Shortly Before His Death at the Age of Ninety-three.



Micro Drawing of the Taste Buds of the Tongue, Degeneration of Which, Unless for Specific Other Causes, Is Our Modern Test of Senility.

examining under a microscope a tiny slice of skin removed by a negligible surgical operation an expert sometimes can reach a better idea of real age than in any other way. A lot of bone marrow, taken out of the breast-bone by another surgical operation now often used to help diagnose blood diseases, may provide other signs of real old age or relative youth. X-ray pictures of bones or arteries supply other clues.

In the review of last year's important scientific discoveries printed in this magazine early this year one item mentioned was the perfection of apparatus by which electric waves broadcast all the time by a living brain can be picked up and recorded without opening the skull.

Only a few days ago Professor L. E. Travis, of the State University of Iowa, discovered that the exact nature and wave form of the brain waves differs for each person, so that a record of one person's brain waves can be recognized in much the same way that a person can be identified by a portrait or by fingerprints.

Since the brain waves correspond to the electric impulses flying back and forth over the nerve wires in the brain, and since it also is reasonably certain that the number of these wires which are alive, well insulated and active slowly decreases when real old age arrives, it follows that studies of the brain waves at different ages ought to yield information about how many of the nerve wires have become useless and accordingly about the real age of the brain that is being examined.

If this turns out to be correct it should be possible in the future to make everyone stick his head into some sort of helmet once a year and find out whether he is really "just as young as he used to be" mentally, or beginning to slip.

Theodore N. Vail retired from the presidency of the Bell Telephone interests because he could not see any



General Von Hindenburg, Who Was Twice Called Out of Retirement, Once at Sixty-seven, to Save the Germans From a Russian Invasion During the World War, and Again at Seventy-eight, to Be President of the Republic.

sense in the schemes of the bright young people under him. He was led to believe that his mind had lost its useful elasticity and that he ought to make way for younger ones.

A little later, at the age of sixty-two, he was frantically asked to come back from retirement and undo the damage wrought by those same bright young minds. Within five years he rehabilitated the company, bought the Western Union Telegraph Company, invented the "night letter" to keep the wires in use at night and made so many other improvements that he is looked upon as the father of the industry.

If there had been a brain-wave tester at the time it would have shown that Vail's brain was much younger in condition than those of the bright, young men who so disastrously tried to fill the place. It is easy enough to fill a man's shoes but not always his hat.

It used to be said that a man is as old as his arteries, but this does not seem always to apply to the brain and is a condition hard to determine definitely during life. One exception is the examination of the great artery leaving the heart, the aorta, by means of X-rays. A German expert, Dr. S. Kreuzfeldt, maintains that the size of the aorta slowly increases with advancing age and may be used as one measure of a person's bodily age as contrasted with the age in years.

A new test by viscosity of the blood is due to a Japanese biologist, Professor Tatsujiro Sato of Tokyo Medical College, who finds that the liquid part of the blood, or serum, has a lower viscosity and flows wassily like water in old age, but is thicker and acts more like thick syrup when the body from which it comes is young. Like the brain-wave tests, not enough information has been accumulated as yet about individuals of different ages and other characteristics to let Prof. Sato prepare an actual "age curve" for blood viscosity.

History constantly proves that a person's age is an unreliable indication of his mental capacity.

For example the Greek sage, Diogenes, one of the most intelligent men who ever lived, is said to have been just as intelligent on his last day as at any time in his life. He died at 80. Pythagoras, who invented theories of numbers and of geometry, still taught and is believed to have died at 82. Hippocrates, called the Father of Medicine, still was practicing at more than eighty and died at eighty-five. Thales, discoverer of electricity and magnetism and the first person known to have predicted an eclipse of the sun, was active until his death at ninety-four. The famous Roman statesman, had his last child at eighty. In modern times William Munkson, the famous gymnast and physical trainer, died at eighty-eight and was still in good physical and mental condition.

Until a short while before his death at the age of ninety-three, John Emory Andrus, the "millionaire straphanger," who traveled to his office on the subway, was still able to do a full day's work.

Advancing age did not hinder the career of Sarah Bernhardt, the celebrated French actress, who revived one of her favorite roles, that of a young man in "L'Aiglon," just a year before her death at the age of seventy-eight.

At eighty-three, when Gladstone was Prime Minister of England for the fourth time, his brain was perhaps not so quick as it was at forty, but who would say that it was not much more valuable to the nation?

General Von Hindenburg was thought too old and slow-witted for new methods of the World War, but they were glad enough to get the "old man" out at sixty-seven to save them from the Russians, and again at seventy-eight, they called him from retirement to be President of the Republic.

What Causes So Many "Pistol Divorces?"

Judge Borders of St. Louis Points Out That Waves of Wife and Husband Killing Follow Verdicts of Acquittal by Juries Who Let Sentiment Run Away With Reason, Thus "Making It Easier, Quicker and Cheaper to Get a Gun Than a Decree"



Judge William F. Borders of St. Louis, Who Points Out Why Too Much Sentiment Interferes With Reason in Pistol Divorces.

"WE ARE all familiar with the 'pistol divorces' but not with the development of them. It used to be that husbands and wives would go into the divorce courts to settle their differences; now they find it easier, cheaper and quicker to get a gun than a decree. It is this when the first argument comes, the first one to get the gun wins the argument—and with the gun waving the lips of one, the survivor can tell the story in any manner he chooses. The jury is easily swayed to gain the sympathy of the jury, with actual following."

In these cases and court cases words, Judge William F. Borders showed a trend of East St. Louis, the honest, hard-headed words prevent crime, while sentimental, soft-headed ones incite crime epidemics. "I call the particular situation of the grand jury to the most cycle of husband and wife killings," the judge said. "Some several years ago there was a case in which a wife shot her husband in the back of the neck while he was shaving in the bathroom; this was very promptly found guilty of murder by a jury and sentenced to fourteen years in prison. By reason of this conviction, husband and wife killings were apparently discouraged and there was a lull in this sort of crime."

But a year and a half ago we had the notorious Peggy Nash case, in which she killed her husband by firing her pistol shots through a closed bathroom door. According to the State's evidence, and upon the trial of this case, an interposed plea of self-defense, and the resultant publicity we have had a series of similar killings on our city."



The Princess Al Fahmy Bey, Who Got Her "Pistol Divorce" First.

weighing the risks of getting one of those "pistol divorces," thinks, "If he or she got away with it, I can get away with it."

Judge Borders was only speaking of the customs of this country, of course. But pistol divorces are by no means an exclusive American institution, and perhaps the classic example of recent years was that of Al Fahmy Bey, the Egyptian Prince, and his young French wife, whose bonds of matrimony were abruptly dissolved one night in London, with gunpowder. This ill-matched couple had reached the unhappy stage when they should have told their troubles to some judge, but instead of doing that, each slept with a revolver close at hand, where it could be seized in an instant. When the final argument came, the Princess won it by grabbing her revolver first, and killing him. She said the Prince had sworn on his Koran that he would kill her, and since he wasn't in court to refute that testimony, the jury acquitted her. In the Nash case, which set the general pattern for those that followed, the justification was also self-defense. On Armistice Day of 1933, the police summoned by a neighbor, found "Big Bill" Nash with weighed 200 pounds, and was a partner owner of a large, East St. Louis tackle company, just breathing his last out of the floor of his home from two bullets in his side and one through his arm.



Mrs. Jack Hamilton, Who Was Killed in a "Pistol Divorce" Following the Nash Acquittal, and is One of the Cases Pointed to by Judge Borders.

However, she said she didn't really mean any of them, and when the police would not let the self-made widow attend her husband's funeral, she proved her affection by sending a nice bunch of yellow roses.

Dressed in becoming black mourning, Peggy took the stand in her own behalf, because she was the only witness of that last scene. But first she told how "Big Bill" was constantly taking pot-shots at her when she was standing, sitting or "on the wing." According to her testimony, during a wedding party at their home in December of 1933, he had become intoxicated and fired a pistol several times through the door of a bedroom into which she and others had run. Another way "Big Bill" had to amuse himself was to stand with a pistol in each hand and order Peggy and her mother, Mrs. Paul Grady, to dance while he mused the floor about their feet with 45 pistol slugs.

"We used to step lively," Peggy added, reminiscingly. Peggy dramatically described the struggle which she said preceded the bathroom shooting scene and followed the shot, she said, Bill fired at her. "He shoved me away but I wouldn't leave go, so he knocked me down and hit me. We were on the floor struggling for the gun. The gun was beside me and I reached for it." Here Peggy broke off and turned appealingly to the Judge, "I don't have to tell the rest, do I?"



Mrs. Eva Ramsey and Her Son, Who Were Killed When One of the Series.

"Peggy turned once more to the judge, "I just pulled the trigger, Mister, that's all. I didn't mean to kill anybody!"

He came out of the bathroom, saying "My God, I'm shot...Peggy, if you hadn't done this to me, I was going to do it to you."

These were remarkably thoughtful last words for a man as mean as she had painted him. Just before leaving the witness stand Peggy announced to the jury, "I loved him more than life itself."

There was a burst of applause in the courtroom as she left the stand, and another when the jury returned a verdict of acquittal.

One juror is quoted as giving this remarkable explanation of the jury's action: "In summing it up, we agreed that considering the dozens of shots that Nash had taken at his wife, according to the testimony, while she was a sitting, standing or running target, she was entitled to the four shots she took at him from behind a closed door."

The significance of this verdict and of that juror's interpretation sank in for a while and then the "pistol divorces" began.

The first victim was Margaret Bennett, 37 years old, who came home rather late to find her husband Ernest sitting up for her in a critical frame of mind. As usual the only account in by the sole survivor, Ernest says that he asked Margaret where she had been and was told, "at the movies." Based on his 20 years' acquaintance with her, Ernest thought that her manner in-



Mrs. Peggy Nash, to whose acquittal by a tender-hearted jury after shooting her husband, Judge William F. Borders, of St. Louis, attributed the increasing number of husbands and wives who "shoot it out."

dictated that she was not telling the truth and he told her so. Her revolver was one of his business anyhow.

Mr. Bennett didn't think this the right answer, so he got his revolver, not with any thought of shooting her, as he explained to the police, but just to frighten the woman. When he pointed the loaded gun at her heart it frightened her so thoroughly that she seized it and, in the struggle, the pistol went off, shooting her dead.

A coroner's jury agreed with the husband that it was an accident, and though he was charged with murder on a warrant issued by the State's attorney's office, no grand jury has yet acted on it.

That was in April, 1934, and just before dawn one night of August a residential part of East St. Louis was roused by six pistol shots. A young woman, with four bullets through her chest, was found in a car and beside it a man with a bullet hole in his chest and one just under his nose. Both were slain in death. The man was Thomas Grissom, 25-year-old labor union official, and the young woman proved to have been the secret bride of John (Jack) Hamilton, a local constable and candidate for the St. Clair County Board of Review.

When the police questioned Hamilton he admitted having fired the shots but explained that he had killed Grissom in self-defense. Unfortunately four of his bullets had missed the man and all entered his wife's chest, making her death accidental. While he was in jail, charged with this double murder, he was actually elected to his office.

First he was tried for his wife's murder and the jury disagreed, but on the second count, for murder of Grissom, he was convicted and sentenced to 50 years which prevented him from serving on the board. The moral of that case seemed to be that one should be careful about shooting persons outside the family.

In October, a coroner's jury listened to Mrs. Minnie Eltingham explain how she happened to have to shoot her husband Ira to death. Minnie said that she was in the bathroom at 2:30 in the morning when her husband came home, accused her of being drunk and punched her in the face. To avoid further argument she had gone to bed, where a loaded pistol just happened to be under her pillow. When Ira followed and continued to beat her in bed, her hand naturally went under the pillow. She fired until the gun was empty and Ira, not being there to con-

tradict, the jury took the widow's version and exonerated her.

Most of the cases where the trouble begins or ends in the bathroom have a happy ending from the shooter's point of view, but the following exception indicates that juries do not care so much where the shooting is done as who it is gets shot. If it is only a husband shooting his wife or a wife shooting her own husband, that is a private family quarrel, but they are not supposed to "bump off" outsiders, even in the bathroom.

For instance, it was clearly wrong and bad manners for Samuel Thompson, 43 years old and a railroad switchman, to call on Mrs. Eva Ramsey, a 40-year-old candy shop waitress, and "give her the works" with a double-barreled shotgun. The candy waitress had once been very sweet to Thompson but had turned sour after he married someone else. Perhaps he did Eva wrong but, if so, she should have sued him for breach of promise instead of trying to get revenge by working on the switchman's boss to get him fired. Thompson was thoroughly exasperated but he should have applied to the courts to abate this nuisance instead of doing it himself. When Mr. Thompson called that evening, he found Mrs. Ramsey at home in her bathroom. He asked her to promise not to torment him any more and when she declined to offer any hope in that line, got his shotgun from the car and "abated" his nuisance. According to his statement to the police, he first said, "I'm sorry," and then shot her only once. Once was enough because she was able to scream only once.

For, however, was not his wife and, in spite of his politeness, a coroner's jury called it homicide and a grand jury indicted him but he has not been tried yet.

This was in November and the shotgun theme appeared in the very next case which happened in January of this year. Mrs. Myrtle Voris, 23-year-old "pistol divorcée," planted three .38 calibre bullets, one in the throat, one in the chest and one in the abdomen of her 200-pound husband, Virgil Voris, moving and storage man. Any of the three would have finished him but in these pistol divorces everyone seems generous with the bullets.

Her story is that Virgil came home drunk, picked up a shotgun and chased her down cellar to kill her. A shotgun was the logical weapon because Myrtle weighs only 85 pounds and isn't much bigger target than a bird. She had grabbed a revolver from his hiding place and fired blindly but accurately. The widow was supposed to attend the funeral and rushing to the case she threw her arms about the body and cried: "Oh, my darling! Why did you have to happen? Oh, so sorry!"

Unfortunately the dead lie were unable to answer that question. But, though he could not tell his side of what happened, for some reason the coroner's jury held her to the grand jury for the same time Lucille Shaw, 23-year-old Negroess, was exonerated by a coroner's jury of blame for shooting to death her husband Richard, during a quarrel with his pay-check of which he was holding out too much.

The Grand Jury, after listening to Judge Borders' charge, indicted Lucille

Unblushing Confessions of a Famous

Mme. Otero, Former Stage Queen, Reveals With
She Made Her Rich Lovers Pay for Her Favors and
Away Her Money and Jewels as Fast as



"La Belle Otero," At the Time of Her First Stage Success.

WITH a frankness hardly to be matched anywhere, Madame Caroline Otero has told the story of her extraordinary life as a stage star and a calculating adventuress. La Belle Otero was a footlight favorite of a generation ago. Her charm, coquetry, beauty and alluring dancing swept men of wealth and title into her arms in all the capitals of Europe, in Russia, in the United States and in South America.

But if Otero beguiled rich men and sold her charms to them for jewels and money, fate pursued the pretty Spanish dancer and stripped her of the

profits of her adventures. Again and again this remarkable woman lost her heart to some scamp who played upon her affections and made off with her money and jewels.

Unblushingly Otero describes her conquests of men and gives this as her philosophy of life: "Ever since my childhood, I have been accustomed to see the face of every man who passed me light with desire. Many women will be disgusted to hear that I have taken this as homage. Is it so despicable to be the flower whose perfume people long to inhale, the fruit they long to taste?"

Well, La Belle Otero followed that policy of life and she now finds herself forlorn and alone. Gone are her jewels and her admirers. Four suicides Mme. Otero lists of men who killed themselves on her account, but how many lovers were driven to financial ruin to win her smiles, she does not catalog. Otero's memoirs printed on these pages preach their own moral lesson.

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapter.)

I have told how my father was killed in a duel with the lover of my attractive but evil Spanish gipsy mother. Sent away to school from my wretched, unhappy home, I escaped and ran off with a boy sweetheart, Pacco. Though a mere child, I got an engagement to sing and dance in a small cafe at a salary of two pesetas (about forty cents)

a night—and Pacco put the money in his pocket. Leaving my boy sweetheart, I found a better engagement in Lisbon at 1,000 pesetas a month. As I stood, gazing wistfully into a jeweler's window one day, the richest banker in Lisbon chatted with me, took me inside, loaded me with jewels and set me up in an apartment, having made me give up my engagement at the theatre.

CHAPTER II. By CAROLINE OTERO. (Continued from Last Sunday)

MY existence now began to be simply that of a young woman with nothing on earth to do but to dress herself up. X, my rich sweetheart, came every morning and evening to visit me. I was a sort of doll that he delighted to play with and surround with luxury. He opened accounts for me with all the biggest shops, jewelers, dressmakers, perfumers, and heaven knows what.

"Buy what you like, my little pet," he told me. "Buy everything that will give you pleasure."

His great delight was to see me come in laden with gew-gaws. He loved to deck me out.

"All you do please me, my little Nina," he would cry.

I gave myself up to this spoiling, and felt for my protector something of the affection that a girl might feel for a godfather who heaped gifts and tenderness upon her. I did not love him, and I could not really return his passion, except with a half-filial fondness.

"You do love me a little, Nina?" he would often ask. I fear my answer rarely satisfied him. He would sometimes leave me looking very sad.

The days began to drag. It was not very amusing to live with no companion but the old landlady, whose business it was to watch me. My one distraction was the eternal indiscriminate buying, here, there and everywhere, at haphazard. Frocks and hats and lingerie were piled up in my rooms. I had one bright idea; I would get myself a dog. He would be company for me. Besides, it was chic to walk about with a big dog. No sooner had I mentioned it than X bought me a magnificent Great Dane, silken-haired and sleek, which I called Black.

Besides my credit accounts, I always had plenty of ready cash. Having learnt in a hard school what it feels like to be penniless, I had saved.

About two months went by. I certainly had

nothing left to wish for on the material side, but I was bored, bored to distraction. I missed the theatre and its excitements. Also, I would have given all X's kindness and caresses for one word or kiss from Pacco, who was so often in my mind.

One day, boredom took hold of me so strongly that I made a mighty resolution.

It has always seemed to be my fate to leave places with a certain abruptness. This time, when I was out on one of my walks, I called in at the hotel in the Rue de l'Or where I had lived, and explained to the porter just what I wanted him to do. I asked him first to let me know the hours of the trains for Barcelona, and then to arrange to fetch me the next day, with my luggage, in time to catch the train I fixed upon. I don't remember how much I gave him and how much more I promised, in return; but it seemed to me that no sum could be too great for this particular service. Naturally, the man was delighted to fall in with my plans. He must have been astounded at such lavish payment for so little trouble.

I remember being extra kind that evening to poor X, as if to ask his pardon in advance for the shabby trick I was to play him, and to thank him for all his generosity. I saw that he was surprised at my sudden amiability. He told me when he left that he would come again at six o'clock next day. That suited me well enough; the Barcelona train left Lisbon at three.

How was I to arrange the temporary absence of my landlady? I managed it by inventing a distant X, as if to ask his pardon in advance for the shabby trick I was to play him, and to thank him for all his generosity. I saw that he was surprised at my sudden amiability. He told me when he left that he would come again at six o'clock next day. That suited me well enough; the Barcelona train left Lisbon at three.



Street Scene in Oporto, Portugal, Where Otero Was Seized by the Officials Chief of Police and Put in Jail to Separate Her from a Wealthy Admirer.



Otero in a Love Scene in the Crystal Palace Theatre in Barcelona.

took my dog with me, and half an hour later, in the train for Barcelona, I could think of nothing but Pacco's surprise at seeing me. I confided my joyous anticipations to my dear dog, who seemed to sympathize and to try to tell me so with his good faithful eyes.

Of the shock to poor X when he should return to the nest to find the bird had flown, I fear I did not think any more.

Behold me, slightly nervous, my heart beating quickly, installed in a box at the Palais de Cristal, Barcelona. Beside me sits Rosalie, the maid I have engaged, very dignified and respectable in her fluted peasant's head-dress.

In my haste to discover Pacco I lost no time at all. I arrived at Barcelona in the morning, went straight to one of the best hotels in the town, the Hotel de la Rembla, and at once found out the whereabouts of the cafe-chantant called the Palais de Cristal. The only thing I knew for certain about Pacco was that he spent his evenings there, the manager being a friend of his. I booked a box at the price of four duros, but I dared not sit in it all alone. The happy thought came to me of asking the hotel to provide me with a maid.

Rosalie was at once produced. I liked the look of her in the head-dress of her own province, and I engaged her on the spot. Her presence, in cap and apron, in a box at the Palais must have been bizarre enough; if dogs had been allowed, Black would have completed the trio.

Rosalie and I made a sensation. The audience could not take its eyes off us, and in a short time our box was full of flowers. Spain is a land of gallantry, and lovers of beauty are just as fond of offering flowers to pretty members of the audience as to the artists. No one thinks anything of it. Pacco told me later that the manager of the place had said to him:

"There must be someone special in the audience. All the flower-baskets are emptying. Do you know who it is?"

"I don't know, but I'll go and see."

And Pacco, who was a thousand miles from suspecting that the fair unknown could be his little Nina, was stupefied on catching sight of me.

I should not have been a woman if I had not acted great astonishment at seeing him come into my box.

"Oh, Pacco, you here? What a lovely surprise!" I told him goodness knows what, anything so

long as he did not flatter him self by thinking I had come to Barcelona on purpose, to find him. I fear he was not quite taken in; in need, on thinking over my account of affairs later, it did not sound very plausible. But what did all that matter, so long as we were together? I was in the seventh heaven.

You ought to have seen my "fashionable beauty" as I told Pacco my adventures and showed off my frock and jewels. The frocks and jewels interested him greatly. He took me off leaving poor timid Rosalie alone in the box, and did the honors of the establishment as if he were quite at home there, intruding me to Matto, the manager.

Besides being a cafe-concert and music-hall, the Palais de Cristal also! It not only furnished suites and had a restaurant and a gambling salon. The game was of the monte, something like baccarat, and it was Pacco's great passion.

A picturesque spot, this Palais where fate had led me. In the large hall, people were eating at little tables. The female singers and dancers came down and set among them after making a collection at the end of each "turn." Jokes, shouts and laughter were intermingled everywhere; stabs and sometimes, and I know that I personally was to pass some hours of fear there.

After spending a few days at the Hotel de la Rembla—days given up to love—Pacco and I rented a small furnished flat from some French people. I did not want to settle down in a pleasant place again, so I spoke to Pacco about getting stage work. He suggested the obvious thing, that Matto should put me on for a song-and-dance turn at the Palais. I told the manager how I had created a role at a Lisbon theatre; and after watching me dance and hearing me sing, he engaged me at 3,000 pesetas a month. That was quite an exceptional price for the place, and Matto evidently had some private plans concerning me, or he wouldn't have given it.

I appeared in a song-and-dance in the operetta called "Le Voyage en Suisse." There was a trait and a honeymoon couple in the train, and three low comedy men jump in and abduct the bride. It was on the level of an American comic film.

Matto, like all small cafe-chantant managers, was very anxious to make me go round taking up a collection. This time again I stubbornly refused, repeating my excuse that my nature was too fiery and irascible. He lost nothing, for the receipt swelled on the day of my first performance and continued to be superb. Matto was overjoyed, and called me "My Mascot."

My management would have been most lucrative if I had gone to the cafe to perform and then left it again. As it was, we passed most of our time there and my poor salary passed with it. We took all our meals there, breakfasts, dinners, suppers, and Pacco gambled all day long. He was invariably lost, and I always paid. Ah! Matto might well pay his artists generously. He was not much out of pocket when it came to the monthly settling-up. Not only was there never anything left out of my salary, once meals and gas and lighting losses were deducted, but it always happened that I actually owed Matto money, something considerable sums.

Pacco had begun by spending my miserable little two pesetas at Balga. He had long fingers, saw. The money I had brought to Lisbon melted away almost at sight. If Pacco, taking all my money, had always shown me love and consideration, I should not have cared so much; but soon he did not even trouble to be kind to me, and he never attempted to hide his interest in strange women. He declared that he only admired Frenchwomen.

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Astonishing Frankness How
Then Foolishly Tossed
She Acquired Them



Picturesque Spanish Ox-cart Family Conveyance on
Its Way to the City to See Otero, the
Famous Gipsy Dancer.

and every time one arrived at the Palais de Cristal, he made this preference very obvious. Of course his attitude made me furious. All the same, I never regretted my all too peaceful days in Lisbon. Better the life of passion, with all its sufferings, than any tepid back-water.

Happily for me at this mortifying time I met a man called Steve, who was charming, smart, clever, courteous, and full of the most delicate attentions. He became very fond of me and sorry for me, and finally he began to advise me to get rid of Pacco at all costs by leaving for France.

I hesitated to take this advice. But one day so serious a quarrel sprang up between Pacco and myself, that I left our flat and went to live alone at the Hotel de la Ramoa.

I liked to be thought proud, wild and a little formidable, and I could always bring off definite actions, such as leaving Pacco and the little flat where we had been so happy at first, and taking up my abode alone; but at the bottom the whole thing was a bluff. I was at heart a sensitive, easily wounded creature, given to quick depressions and often conscience-stricken. It has been said of me that I was hard-hearted. Appearances are deceitful, and it would have been better for me if I had been what they thought me. To be envied is preferable to being pitiable. At any rate, I was so wretched after my quarrel with Pacco that I fell genuinely ill.

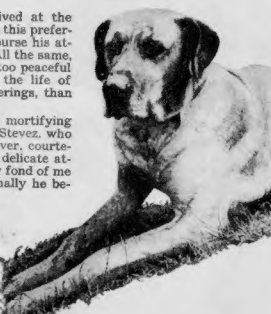
Steve, who was a real guardian angel to me, got a doctor and had me properly looked after. Pacco never once troubled even to inquire after me. I kept on trying to find excuses for him. Steve only shrugged his shoulders and probably thought that next time I might as well be left to the consequences of my own folly. Meanwhile, as soon as I had recovered, he took a good deal of pains to distract my mind. As there were one or two evenings that week when I was not due at the Palais de Cristal, he began taking me to theatres. Among others, we went to see an operetta in which La Montez had the principal role. She was a chic, well-known actress who had made a great success. For this run, the theatre had been leased by a Spanish company who were going to tour with the operetta after leaving Barcelona, round the towns of Spain, Portugal and France.

Steve happened to know the manager of this theatre, who introduced me to Florio, the impresario of the Spanish touring company.

"That is just the part that would suit me!" I said to him. I meant the role that La Montez played herself. My audacity was boundless and I would have attempted anything.

"You have played in operetta before?" asked Florio.

"Oh, yes! I created my part in 'La Gran Via' in Lisbon."



When She Told Her Rich Lover It
Was Chic to Walk About With a Big
Dog, He At Once Presented Her
With a Magnificent Great Dane.

This was a slight exaggeration. My turn had been sandwiched in among the other parts. I had hardly "created" anything. However, it impressed Florio. He had never even heard of me, so he naturally asked me first to give him an audition and show what I could do.

I have already said that auditions, with me, were always failures. I would rather have danced before ten thousand people than before one person alone.

"I think," I said, "it would be better if you could come and see me one night at the Palais de Cristal. I play again tomorrow."

It happened that Florio was just on the point of putting on "Le Voyage en Suisse," so that my proposal suited him. He promised to come and see me on the following Sunday at a matinee.

Florio and Steve went on talking to one another. I was curious enough to listen, and I heard Steve say:

"You really must engage this little girl. I'm going to see her dance on Sunday. But she mustn't be too exacting. All my fixtures are made already, and I can't incur any very heavy extra expense."

"She will repay you handsomely," urged Steve. "If necessary, I will stand the difference between what she asks and what you can give. I want to get her out of this town for her own sake. She is entangled with a youth who exploits her and lives on her, and makes her unhappy into the bargain."

I could not help shedding tears as I listened. I realized that Steve was right; there was no happiness for me in Pacco; but the thought did not prevent my fretting for him.

Next day, I began again at the Palais de Cristal. Pacco tried to force an entrance to my dressing-room, but Steve would not let him in. Suddenly I heard sounds of violent disturbance



"And this police commissioner of many parts, this knitter and unraveller of liaisons, actually had the face to take us both to prison. He gave his orders to the policemen waiting outside—evidently he had left nothing to chance—and we were bundled, weeping and furiously angry and terrified, into a carriage."

"You can easily imagine the state we were in—Conchita and I."

"The carriage had stopped before a big building with iron gates—the prison of Oporto. They made us get out and opened the gratings for the entry of two such redoubtable criminals."

in the lobby. The crowd rushed to see what had happened. It was not a particularly rare occurrence; often enough, I had seen brawling and been terrified by it, but this time I saw that they were carrying a wounded man.

I don't know why, but I imagined the man to be Pacco. I must have lost my head a little, for I had heard him at the door of my room only a moment before. I gave a scream of anguish and dashed out. Pacco was close to me as I came out. He saw my terror and he understood its cause. At once he seized upon it as an excuse for a reconciliation. It might have been a success but for the awkward fact that at that moment a woman passed us who turned and spoke to him.

"I've lost everything at those blooming tables," she said. "Give me a little cash. I haven't enough to wet my whistle."

She spoke with the familiar "thou" and evidently they were intimate. Anger took me by the throat. I tried to speak, but I was choking. I rushed back to the shelter of my dressing-room, and burst into sobs. When Steve found me, I told him what had happened. Not only did Pacco lose at the tables all I earned on the stage, but he gave away my money to strange women. I was white with fury.

"But aren't you delighted to entertain the gentlemen's mistresses?" said Steve ironically.

"It's the last straw. What does he take me for?" I raged.

"He takes you for a simpleton, and he's quite right."

Steve was, of course, using every expression he could find to exasperate me. He very nearly turned my fury on himself. Happily, just then the call-boy came to tell me that it was time for me to do my "turn." I had the "theatre-sense" so strongly, that instinctively I was able to throw off everything and attend to my professional duties.

My anger died down on the spot. I draped my shawl about my shoulders and went up for my dance.

Next day, Florio came to see my performance at matinee as he had promised. I was in a great state of excitement and danced with even more spirit than usual. He was delighted with me, and decided to engage me for his tour. We decided that I should finish my week at the Palais de Cristal and then go on with his touring company to France. In the meantime, I was to set to work on the leading part in "Le Voyage en Suisse."

Coming out of my box with Steve, Florio ran against Pacco, who looked at him with some anxiety, knowing who he was. Had Florio come to take away his "Mascot"? He went straight to Pacco with his misgivings, finding him, as usual, losing my last penny at those accursed tables.

When Pacco heard the news he was alarmed. Hitherto, after even our worst quarrels, he had always been able to bring me round with a little love-making, but this sounded serious. Was I slipping through his fingers?

He came into my box without knocking.

"Nina, my own little Nina!" he cried. "You're never going to leave me?"

I told him I had had quite enough unhappiness with him. I was determined to make an end of it.

"Nina," he answered, making his voice tender, "have you forgotten all our love? You are the only one for me. You know it."

"That, no doubt, is the reason for your taking my money to spend on other women."

"Nina, forgive me!"

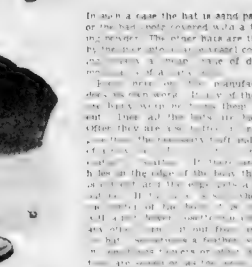
He threw himself on his knees and kissed my feet and altogether made a moving scene of it. But I had had enough of Pacco. All his protestations of love left me cold. Seeing this, he suddenly

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KODAK



... The Ash Can Hats Remodeled and the Bunches Carefully Covered Up Are Then Sold as the Latest Style of New Hats at Bargain Prices. They Are Usually the Clean-Fitting, Dark-Colored Hats Which Are Most

[illegible]

Up to this point everything is straight up. The statement is the connected together with a real Tense (time) system. There



Then the Pile of Assorted Hits Are Carefully
Gone Over and Touched Up Here and There by
Wholesale Dealer to Cover Up Spots and Blemishes
and Are Then Sorted Into Different Grades According

Photograph of the Shop Window of a Wholesale Second Hat Dealer on Division Street, New York.

another story. Nevertheless getting fixed-up second-hand hats is just as legitimate as selling rebuilt typewriters or used cars, provided the custo-

Then the Piles of Assorted Hats Are Carefully
Gone Over and Touched Up Here and There by the
Wholesale Dealer to Cover Up Spots and Blemishes,
and Are Then Sorted Into Different Grades Accord-
ing to Condition and Appearance.

...and, finally, what he is selling, and how much. The typical shopper must carefully note the low prices in the aisles, and then go back to get the better products that the legitimate stores carry. The deals are in the aisles, and they are in fact.

Price control in New York City is the center of this "deal" whereas, in Chicago, as New York is the center of the "deal," Illinois brings the prices in. There is no talk of hats and, "they are a loss" is taken from every

The real manufacturer of new jeans has to pay for the cheapest grades of denim about 15¢ a yd. The additional matter pays his buyers at 15¢ a yd. a yd. and saves right there one-tenth of the cost and can sell

As soon as the machine that you have chosen has the oil in its sump, you can go to the next step. They are not yet in action, but they are already discharging, by pressure, a spot into a large tank and washed.

Then the manufacturer sends them out, after a long establishment. He is careful, however, not to send out what is a very important thing if the original cover is not well enough.

[illegible]

GET OUT OF THE "ALL THREE" CLASS

★
THIS GREAT BIG NASH
NOW JUST
A FEW DOLLARS MORE*
★



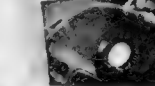
LUXURY! You get extra wide seats, more headroom and legroom in a Nash. Custom car "touches" you'd expect to find only in the most expensive cars. Automatic Cruising Gear is now available on all Nash models at slight extra cost.



ECONOMY! Nash engines are famous for gas economy. Many "extravagant" claims have been made for different cars. We prefer to let our owners do the talking. They'll cite you some remarkable instances of gas and oil economy.



SAFETY! Most cars have hydraulic brakes today. But Nash gives you double-action hydraulic brakes with greater braking area. Nash brakes stop you quicker—"stand up" better. Nash cars have extra wide rear tread. Reduces side-sway.



LONG LIFE! Nash pioneered the seamless, one-piece all-steel body. Nash steel bodies now have box section roof rails and door sills for greater strength. Nash cars are famous for long life. Ask any Nash owner how they stand up.

**Here's the Car Thousands Are Buying
This Year. Look At The Size of It. Here's A
Car You Can REALLY Be Proud to Own!**

See that car in the picture. It's the new Nash LaFayette "400". It's a great big 117-inch wheelbase car with a 90 horsepower engine. It has double-action hydraulic brakes with greater braking area. It has the strongest type of all steel body construction in the industry. You get wider seats. More headroom and legroom. You get all these "extras". And yet this great big Nash costs just a few dollars more than any of the "all three" small cars.

The Nash Ambassador Six is another sensational value. It's a big 121-inch wheelbase car, with a 95 horsepower Twin-Ignition valve-in-head engine. This is in every sense a real "luxury car"—it's bigger than other cars priced \$100 and \$200 more.

The Nash Ambassador Eight is a luxurious 125-inch wheelbase car. You'll be amazed at how little it now costs.

Come in! Let us show you how to save money on your next car. You can get a bigger car,

a better car than you probably ever "dreamed" you could own. Nobody has ever offered so much for so little before.

NASH MOTORS
Dealers in your area will be glad to show you the complete line of Nash cars.

SEE THE X-RAY SYSTEM! This is the only complete summary of all the facts about all the cars. Fascinating X-Ray Pictures. Simple comparison charts. By all means see the X-Ray System. It reveals more as quickly as differences in cars of the same price. X-Ray System now at all Nash showrooms.

Nash is the only car in America that offers this exclusive "sleeping car" feature. You can turn the rear compartment of any Nash sedan into a full size six foot double bed in ten minutes time. You can lock the door and go to sleep. Saves hotel bills.

NASH

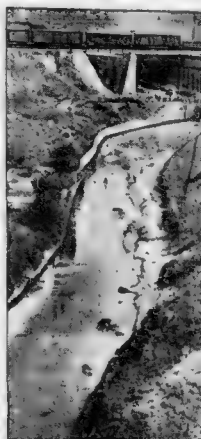
***FOR AS LITTLE AS \$1 OR \$2 A MONTH EXTRA YOU CAN GET OUT OF THE "ALL THREE" CLASS** A check-up recently made in ten representative cities shows that the Nash LaFayette "400" 4 Door Sedan with trunk DOLLARS for just 2 extra dollars more than the similarly equipped 4-door sedans of the "All Three" class. In many places, the \$100 difference in price amounts to just \$1 or \$2 a month extra on your time payments. Get DOLLARS price comparison. It shows you how just a few cents a day extra will get you out of the "All Three" class. ASK YOUR DEALER ABOUT THE CONSUMERS' TEST AND LOW RATE AVERAGE PLAN.

The Madman Who Has Committed 8 "Perfect Murders"

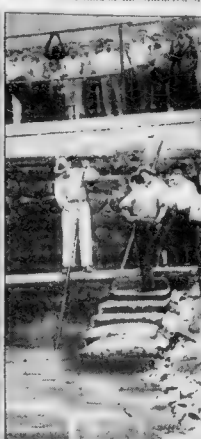
Mystery of the Killer of Kingsbury Run Who Cuts Off His Victim's Head With One Sweep of His Knife Through the Back of the Neck and Leaves No Clue



Cast of the Head of One of the Kingsbury Run Victims—All That Was Found of the Murdered Man, Who Has Not Yet Been Identified



Part of the Lonely Kingsbury Run Near the Railroad Bridge, Where One Body Was Found



Searchers Probing Around Another Part of the Run for Disemboweled Parts of the Body



A Diver Goes Down Into the Run to Assist in the Ghoulish Search



Only Once Did the Killer Depart From His Haunted Hideout, and Perhaps His Shadow, His Victim Must Have Fought the Killer, Slain Him, But Later He Cut Off His Head, Victims

It is nearly enough to drive a sane man mad to see the Kingsbury Run, a dark, narrow stream, winding its way through the dense woods of the Cleveland area. The stream is a mystery, a place where a killer has committed eight "perfect murders" in the past few years. The killer is a man who cuts off his victim's head with one sweep of his knife through the back of the neck and leaves no clue. The victims are men, women, and children, and the killer has been seen in the area of the Kingsbury Run, near the railroad bridge, where one body was found. The killer has been seen in the area of the Kingsbury Run, near the railroad bridge, where one body was found. The killer has been seen in the area of the Kingsbury Run, near the railroad bridge, where one body was found.



Mrs. Florence Phillips, Whose Headless Body Was Found Near the Run, but the Head Never Found

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The Run takes in a surprising amount of territory, as close to the heart of the city as a wide ravine down to Cleveland's "flats." Much of that area, mapped and in some places, these last few years, has been a place where a killer has committed eight "perfect murders" in the past few years. The killer is a man who cuts off his victim's head with one sweep of his knife through the back of the neck and leaves no clue. The victims are men, women, and children, and the killer has been seen in the area of the Kingsbury Run, near the railroad bridge, where one body was found. The killer has been seen in the area of the Kingsbury Run, near the railroad bridge, where one body was found. The killer has been seen in the area of the Kingsbury Run, near the railroad bridge, where one body was found.

Nothing, the authorities were already beginning to collect a few crumbs of what will be useful clues. The first step in the investigation was to find out where the killer was. The killer has been seen in the area of the Kingsbury Run, near the railroad bridge, where one body was found. The killer has been seen in the area of the Kingsbury Run, near the railroad bridge, where one body was found. The killer has been seen in the area of the Kingsbury Run, near the railroad bridge, where one body was found.

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NEW "SUPER-DUTY" FRIGIDAIRE

WITH THE METER-MISER

Cuts Current Cost to the Bone!

Only Frigidaire has it!

Just flip the lever—and ice cubes are *instantly* released from the tray... two or a dozen, as you need them! No more carrying to the sink, splashing under a faucet! This yields 20% more ice by ending waste of melting cubes! *Every* ice tray in every "Super-Duty" Frigidaire has the patented New INSTANT CUBE RELEASE. See PROOF of its quick, easy action at your nearest Frigidaire dealer's.



Super-Duty completeness at the price of an ordinary refrigerator

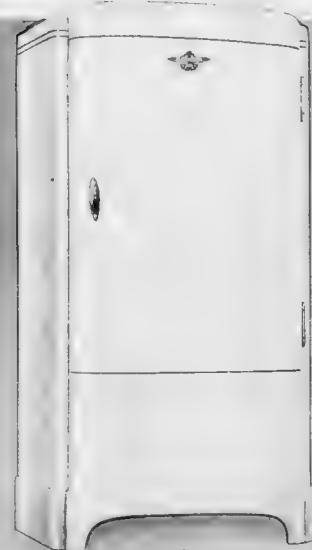
This year women want *Completeness* in the refrigerator they buy. They're not satisfied with merely one or two features that seem attractive. They demand *Proof of All Five Basic Services* needed in every kitchen. This year smart buyers want a *complete* Ice Service... a *complete* Storage Service... a *complete* Food Protection... a *complete* Dependability... and *completely* operating cost—all in one refrigerator! That's why the new "Super-Duty" Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser is the sensational leader today. It offers completeness never before known in home refrigeration! Now you can see *Proof* of amazing ability to serve you—*Proof* that lifts Frigidaire above all others and makes it the "buy of a lifetime" in home refrigeration!

Thousands Buy on Proof 1

Don't fail to see the "eye-opening" demonstration now going on at your nearest Frigidaire dealer's store. It's the sure way to get full 1937 value in home refrigeration—the way to years of satisfaction and saving in your refrigerator.

See for yourself the *Proof* of every one of the Five Basic Services. Observe how Frigidaire excels in ice-making, ice-storing and ice-removing. Test the marvelous flexibility of its 9-Way Adjustable Interior that makes magic roominess for bulky packages without crowding, crowding. The wonderful serviceability of the beautiful new Frigidaire will delight you! And its *completeness*—a *complete* together with safe food protection even in the hottest weather—will be a source of kitchen happiness for years to come!

See the *Proof*! Check up *before* you buy. Don't be fooled by mere claims, or a few superficial talking points. Your nearest Frigidaire dealer is ready to demonstrate the handsome *Super-Duty* Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser. The *Proof* awaits you—today!



PERFORMS ALL 5 BASIC SERVICES YOU NEED FOR COMPLETE HOME REFRIGERATION, and Proves it!

PROOF 1

GREATER ICE-ABILITY

Ends "Cube-Struggle" and "Ice-Famine"! At last, the refrigerator that instantly releases all ice trays—and all cubes from every tray, with the New INSTANT CUBE-RELEASE! ★ Also freezes more *pounds* of ice—faster... and ICE SERVICE ever known.

PROOF 2

GREATER STORAGE-ABILITY

New 9-Way Adjustable Interior! Goodbye to old fashioned crowding and dish-juggling. Now you have maximum shelf space *up in front*. And Full-Width Sliding Shelves, Cold-Storage Tray, new Super-Duty Hydrators, ALL adjust like magic to suit any size or shape of food! Most complete STORAGE SERVICE ever known.

PROOF 3

GREATER PROTECT-ABILITY

Keeps Food Safer, Fresher, Longer! SAFETY-ZONE Cold in food compartment—*proved* by new Food-Safety Indicator with Dial on the Door, always in sight. *Plus* MOIST Cold for vegetables... EXTRA Cold for meats... FREEZING Cold for ice cream and frozen desserts. Most complete PROTECTION SERVICE ever known.

PROOF 4

GREATER DEPEND-ABILITY

Five-Year Protection Plan, backed by General Motors, on Frigidaire's sealed-in mechanical unit. This, together with Frigidaire's Sealed Steel Cabinet, Special Sealed Insulation, and Lifetime Porcelain or Durable Dulux exterior, all adds up to the most complete DEPEND-ABILITY ever known.

PROOF 5

GREATER SAVE-ABILITY

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS THE
Meter-Miser
CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE



Meet the Meter-Miser! You see its lower operating cost *before* you buy. It's the only one of its kind. No other refrigerator has it. It's the only one that *proves* its value. Only a moving picture shows the meter permanently *cutting* your electricity bill. Wherever you see it, you know it's Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser. It's enough on food and a *permanent* cost *cut* for itself, and pay your electric bills!

FRIGIDAIRE... MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

Buy only on Proof of Super-Duty

Searching for King John's Treasure in His Spooky Ancient Castle

After Spending Fortunes to Find the Lost Hoard in English Quicksands, the Hunt Now Turns to Ghost-Ridden Rockingham Castle Where the Wicked Monarch Held His Court



A English Artist's Impression of King John and His Soldiers Escaping From the "Hill of the Wash" While His Heavy Baggage Wagon and Park Horses With His Treasure Are Swallowed Up in the Quicksand.

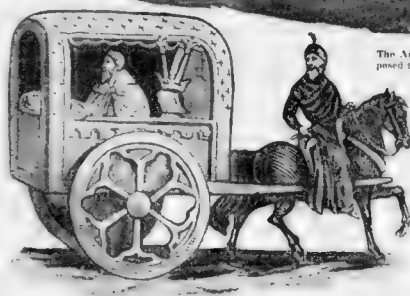


An Old Print Showing King John Wearing the Gold and Jewel Studded Crown Which Is Now Supposed to Be Hidden Somewhere in Rockingham Castle.

The Last Wedding of a Lord at Rockingham Castle in Which Bride and Groom, Following Strange Old Traditions, Marched Through the Ancient Gateway Which Was Used by King John and His Nobles



The Ancient Part of Rockingham Castle Wherein King John's Treasure Is Now Supposed to Be Hidden. Between the Massive Towers Is the Doorway Through Which the Brutes of the Castle Must March



Antique Print of One of the Heavy Wagons of King John's Time Which Were Supposed to Have Been Lost With His Treasure in the Quicksands.

ALTHOUGH THE SEARCH FOR THE LOST TREASURE OF KING JOHN HAS BEEN GOING ON FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY, THE HUNT HAS NOT YET PRODUCED THE GOLD AND JEWEL-STUDDED CROWN WHICH THE MONARCH IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE HIDDEN IN HIS CASTLE OF ROCKINGHAM, ENGLAND.

The search for the treasure of King John has been going on for more than a century, but the hunt has not yet produced the gold and jewel-studded crown which the monarch is supposed to have hidden in his castle of Rockingham, England. The search has been a costly and fruitless one, and the treasure has been lost to the world.

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*Make sure the next car you buy
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UNISTEEL BODY

—fused solidly together top, bottom and sides—providing in Body by Fisher strength and safety with new style and comfort which glorify steel construction.

KNEE-ACTION

—the true gliding ride—makes every mile you travel more comfortable and assures better control of steering in emergency.

HYDRAULIC BRAKES

—improved in design to match the flashing performance of the new cars with the safety of smooth and powerfully sure straight-line stops.

TURRET TOP

—puts the safety of solid steel over your head in every closed car of the General Motors family.

NO DRAFT VENTILATION

—keeps the air you breathe healthfully free from drafts and makes driving safer by keeping the inside of windshield and windows fog-free.

More than ever in 1937 **YOUR MONEY GOES FAR**

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OL

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Ever see a carpenter test
the "spring" of a saw?

PROGRESS calling for close to a hundred million dollars—set aside for plant modernization and new tools, dies and machinery—distinguishes the new General Motors cars offered for 1937. Each of these cars has its own individuality—but all are strikingly representative of General Motors value—and all offer these outstanding G M features listed here.

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PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • LA SALLE •

CADILLAC

You will get a better Used Car if you

BUY WHERE MILLIONS ARE BUYING

1934

1,160,231

people bought Used Cars
from Chevrolet Dealers

1935

1,425,209

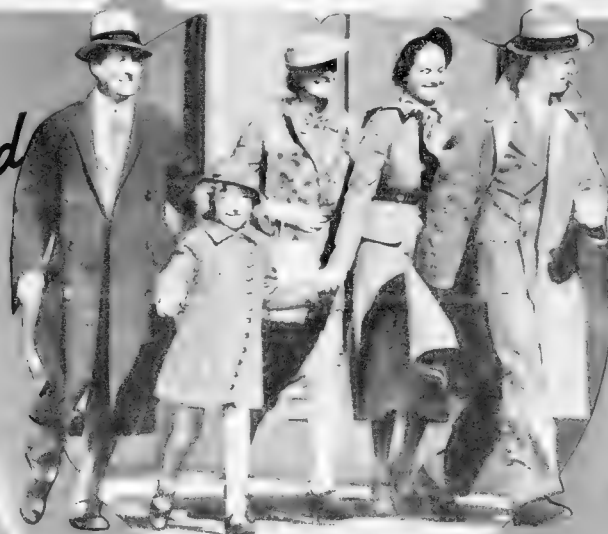
people bought Used Cars
from Chevrolet Dealers

1936

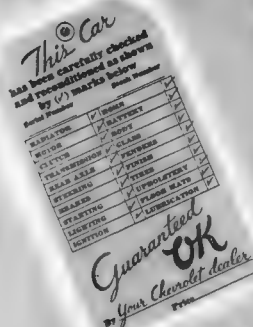
2,019,839

people bought Used Cars
from Chevrolet Dealers

*Follow
the crowd*



*Get a
better car at
a lower price*



BUY A *Guaranteed OK* USED CAR
FROM YOUR CHEVROLET DEALER
FOR THESE REASONS

- 1 Your Chevrolet dealer has the finest selection of used cars in his entire history. All makes—all models.
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- 3 Chevrolet dealers employ highest standards and most expertly trained mechanics for efficiently reconditioning used cars.
- 4 Only Chevrolet dealers can offer used cars backed by the famous Guaranteed OK Tag—for eleven years the recognized symbol of SAFE USED CAR INVESTMENT.

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ALL MAKES • ALL MODELS • UNUSUALLY LOW PRICES

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Paste

Try the season's cake sensation—
FAVORITE PRUNE CAKE

Foods made with **PILLSBURY'S BEST FLOUR**
are easy to digest...it's the "balanced" flour









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 Please send me your booklet, "That Forties Family Needs the Sun".
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Connie buried her face in the ... know you will be there—
know you will be there'

.....

1937

Ford V-8



HIGH MILEAGE, LOW PRICE AND A CHOICE OF TWO V-8 ENGINES

Ford is making motoring history in 1937 with a choice of two V-type 8-cylinder engine sizes in the same big, roomy car. They give you top performance or rock-bottom economy, according to your needs.

The 85-horsepower engine provides flashing power and pick-up at low prices, plus greater fuel economy than ever. . . . The 60-horsepower engine, first developed for Europe, delivers

smooth V-8 performance and more miles per gallon than any Ford ever built. It comes in five body types at the lowest Ford prices in years.

Because more than 25 million Fords have been built, because of familiar Ford ideals, people always expect more of a Ford car—and get it. The 1937 Ford V-8 is unmistakably **THE QUALITY CAR** IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD.



1937 FORD FEATURES

CHOICE OF TWO V-8 ENGINE SIZES—85 horsepower for top performance, 60 horsepower for rock-bottom economy (5 body types).
NEW OPERATING ECONOMY—Both engines give good mileage. Many Ford "60" owners report 22 to 27 miles per gallon of gasoline.
NEW APPEARANCE—Distinctive streamline design, completely new from grille to tail light.
NEW EASY-ACTION SAFETY BRAKES—Faster, smoother stops with about one-third less brake pedal pressure.
NEW ALL-STEEL BODIES—Steel top, sides, floor and frame welded into strong single unit. Safety Glass all around at no extra charge.
NEW COMFORT AND QUIET—Smoother, quieter Center-Poise Ride.
NEW APPOINTMENTS—Fine, new hardware and upholstery. Convenient starter button and hand brake on instrument panel.

\$25

A MONTH after usual down-payment, buys any model 1937 Ford V-8 Car—from any Ford dealer—anywhere in the U. S. A., about the easy payment plans of the Universal Credit Company.